

THE BULLET

Vol. I.

FREDERICKSBURG, VA., MARCH, 1922

No. 5

THE BELLS.

(With apologies to Poe.)

Hear the blessed rising bell,
Cruel bell!
What a brimming day its melody foretells!

How it rings, rings, rings,
In the icy air of morn!
While the heartless radiators—
Cold enough to freeze potatoes—
Are of all mercy shorn!
Then over you turn for another wink,
When lo!—you've scarcely begun to blink—

Your room-mates will yell:
"There's the breakfast bell!"
You jump out of bed and into some clothes,
Almost forgetting the first bell,
The bell, bell, bell, bell,
The first-ringing, chaos-bringing bell!

II.
Hear the clanging breakfast bell,
Brazen bell!
What a time of scuffling its melody foretells!
What a glorious hurly-burly!
"Surely that bell is two minutes early!"

You don a dress and PROBABLY a shoe—
Almost freeze in doing it, too!—
Then from out your icy wall
Into a colder dining hall—
Only to hear another bell!
But ah, how you eat!
With your unshod feet

Under your chair! And forget every care
Until reminded by the tapping of the bell,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,
By the tapping and the rapping of the bell!

III.
Hear the tolling of the bells,
Class bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
How you shiver with affright—
There's not a trace of past delight!—
At the warning message of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From their ever-buzzing throats
Is a groan!
And the teachers—ah, the teachers!
They are wise, utopian creatures—
They alone!

Then after all your preparation
You who are so very meek
Are oft too terrified to speak—
For they are neither brute nor human—

Wiser than common man or woman,
They're marvels of creation!
But the bells again do toll
As you roll, roll, roll,
In the unknown realm of thought.
Into another class you go
Entirely unlike the one before—
And so it is from eight-thirty till one—

With here some work and there some fun

Dearly bought!
Until, alas! the time you tell
By the ringing and the singing of the bell,
Of the bell, bell, bell, bell,
By the pleasing-ringing, for-once-singing bell!

IV.

Hear the proctors ring the bells,
Study bells!
What a tale of mockery their melody foretells!
Off to the library for research work—
And surely your work it will not bother
If you take a peep at "Bringing up Father!"—
But surely your books you would not shirk

In study hour!
Then back to your room—to your books you run—
For there's Hygiene, and English, and History to be done!
You're studying for dear life on bones and muscles,
When—oh, my goodness!—in some-one bustles;

And what do you think?
"Won't you please contribute a nickel or dime?"
(This is surely the forty-eleventh time!)

But you empty your pocketbook into her hands,
Thinking more of gym and Swedish commands!

But really you must study or you will flunk,
So up you climb on top of your trunk!
Your room-mate says you could study much better
If you would only consent to let her Talk a bit!

And so it's nine-thirty before you know it,
Yes, indeed! there's the bell to show it!
Oh, the bell, bell, bell, bell—
The welcome, yet unprepared-for bell!

V.

Hear the mellow "Lights out" bell,
Welcome bell!
What a calm and sweet repose its melody foretells!

In the balmy air of night
How it rings out its delight!
Into the land of dreams you go,
Forgetting care and worry and woe
Once more!

And so, dear friends, don't you see—
It's just as plain as plain can be!—
That in spite of our country so democratic
We're rapidly becoming automatic!
Because of the ringing and the buzzing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the ever-ringing, never-ceasing bells!

EDNA WRIGHT.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

Mrs. Thomas Freeland Mason, formerly Adelaide P. Billingsley ('19), who was married on February 10th, is now living at Colonial Beach, Va.

Miss Margaret Hess is principal of the Natural Bridge High School.

Misses Madeline Coe, Cornelia Hogg, Cora Vaughan, Josephine Freeman and Ritchie Ware, of the class of '21, spent a week-end at the Normal last month.

Miss Mary Harwood attended the game between George Washington and Fredericksburg.

Miss Willie R. Dobyns is teaching in Fairfields High School.

Mrs. Robert B. Glasgow, formerly Celia Pearson, of the Normal School, who was married in July, 1920, is now living in Atlee, Va.

Miss Fannie T. Johnson, class of '21, is principal of "Union Central High School," near Keysville, Va.

Miss Lucile Rawlings is teaching in Laurinburg, N. C.

Mrs. Thomas B. Bahardt, writes proudly of a ten-weeks-old son; hopefully that by 1935 the Normal will be co-educational, so that she may attend her Alma Mater.

SUMMER SESSION.

The summer session of the Fredericksburg Normal for 1922 will begin on the 19th of June, continuing twelve weeks, which is a full school quarter. The quarter will be divided into two terms, during the last of which school will be in progress six days of the weeks, thus reducing the time by one week.

If you are interested in this summer session write for the summer school catalog, which will be ready for distribution about the first of April.

The winter school catalog will be ready by the first of May.

LARGE ENROLLMENT FOR SUMMER SCHOOL.

Up to March 1st about 200 students have already been enrolled for the summer quarter. A total enrollment of nearly 600 is expected for the first and second terms of the summer quarter.

NEW QUARTER BEGINS MARCH 10TH.

The last quarter begins March 10. Many of the Seniors will breathe a sigh of relief, as their practice teaching will then be over.

THE BULLET

Published every month during college year by the students of the Fredericksburg State Normal School.

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STAFF

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Subscription: 50c. per year.

January 1st—Never saw such a place in my life as here at Aunt Susan's. There is just no one I can talk to so far confidentially—'cept this diary, and I call her Mary Jane. I pretend that she is a dumb girl who hears everything I say but never tells it.

January 2d—Mary Jane I want to acquaint you with Daddy cause he is my daddy and he is cause he found me in Dr. Sams medicine satchel. You see that gives Dr. Sam a claim on me and seems to me I ought to belong to him but I don't. Then I have Aunt Susan, that no man ever married, she was mother's sister before God took mother to heaven. Then there is Jimmy who's a about my size but he is 11 and I'm 10—he is going to marry me when I am grown up—like his sister Anne.

January 5th—Well suh I've got to stay here a long time with Aunt Susan, that is til Daddy comes back from out west. Nothing but cows, chickens, pigs and Aunt Susan's pet cat—all day long.

February 8th—Aunt Susan is afraid I'll learn bad habits from the children at school, so she teases me. She is so smart that I can see in her glasses Captain John Smith at Jamestown, and also 5x6. Really just anything will reflect in her glasses—if you hold a history book up in front of them, or arithmetic, etc.

February 20th—I didn't mind sitting on the front bench at church this morning cause I had on my new dress. I walked very gracefully out of church and hateful old Mary Brown called me still neck. I made a face at her, but believe me Jimmy would knocked the starch out of her if he was here.

March 18th—Grown up people have no respect for childrens feelings. I wanted Dr. Sam to come to see me and bring Jim. Aunt Susan said she didn't want any old pill bag at her house—as for a boy—why a girl was as much as she could endure—O, Mary Jane no one loves me—less its you.

April 7th—I am sitting on a pillow while I tell you my troubles today, Mary Jane. I just ate the pie that Aunt Susan cooked for Mary

Brown—she is sick, and Aunt Susan spanked me most terrifically. She said that I was such a bad girl. God won't hear my prayers—but I think she is wrong, cause I said my prayers first and ate the pie afterwards.

May 22d—Daddy is coming back in June and I am just so glad I won't have to stay here any longer. After he comes I know Jimmy will be glad. He does like me heaps.

June 3d—O, why did God make hop toads. Aunt Susan don't like them and now I don't. Just to keep the one I was playing, with yesterday, from running away I put him in Aunt S. bedroom slipper. The old toads dead now and there are prints of the slipper sole on my back.

June 12th—Who-ray! My daddy has come, Mary Jane. If you never laughed in your life nows the time—cause I'm happy. He brought a tall nice looking man with him like Dr. Sam—but they call him Mr. Morgan. Aunt Susan turned all pink and white in the face when she saw him. Daddy told me to run out and play with the pretty doll he brought me. All of 'em must have talked about a heart softing subject cause Aunt Susan cried.

June 13th—Aunt Susan actually kissed me today and it didn't rain goose eggs either. She is all excited like, and told me she was going to marry Mr. Morgan and live in the house next door to ours in town—so she can be near me all the time St. Patrick! that means as each night goes by my prayers must be longer.

June 15th—It certainly seems funny to me that any one could marry a man when they always claimed that they hated them—and that is what Aunt Susan is going to do. I believe I'll ask Daddy about it.

June 17th—When Daddy came out today he 'splaind to me that Aunt Susan and Mr. Morgan used to love each other when they were young (just like Jimmy and I are going to love each other)—and somebody told a story and the two got mad. Mr. Morgan went to Europe and got married. His wife died, but left him a little girl name Patty. Somehow Daddy fixed it up and now he is going to marry Aunt Susan. That is some Daddy—Mary Jane.

June 20th—Aunt Susan is married—and I am back in town with Daddy, Jimmy and Dr. Sam. Patty is staying with me. We are having lots of fun.

June 21st—Mary Jane, you have been a good girl—but all girls must be bad sooner or later. So before you get to that stage—Jimmy, Patty and I are going to bury you in the ground. Then you can't ever tell all the mean things that have happened, and here ends all my troubles.

PICTURES AND DISPLAY OF
WORK DONE BY F. S. N. S.

The April number of the Virginia Journal of Education will contain pictures and a display of work done by the Fredericksburg State Normal.

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ATHLETICS.

Who's goin' win, win,
Who's goin' win, win,
Who's goin' win, win,
W-O-W.

We're goin' win, win,
We're goin' win, win,
We're goin' win, win,
We're goin' win, win,

HOW
E-A-S-Y.

Do we mean it? Well, I guess we do. You know how we have lived up to this a whole season. Let's see: we beat Wilson Normal in our "gym," score 61-1; George Washington University only made 10 while we scored up in the forties '45, yes. These were results of games played on our own floor, but not in the least did we "slack up" in the winning, when our team placed foot upon strange planks and the return game with George Washington ended something like 49-17 in our favor. Many girls witnessed this game and reported that it was played in the same old way—the way of the Fredericksburg Normal team. Then came the game with Farmville. All right, girls, what was it?—29-14. Fine. Aren't we proud of them—both team and score, we mean.

As usual the scene of the "gym" upon all these occasions was one of gaiety, with the decorations and the uniformity of the girls' dress.

The school songs rang with pep, and the sound of the yells would have sent back enormous echoes had we been in larger space. Of course, this was due to the "pepped up" student body, but a large part was due to our leaders.

At all the games there were alumnae present, and on one occasion our last year's cheerleaders led in a few yells for old times' sake.

The return of the alumnae to see the games showed that their enthusiasm is still much alive when it comes to athletics or anything which concerns the Normal. One of the girls of class '21, Juliet Ware, sent a check for five dollars to the Athletic Association.

We thought we would like a game with one of our neighboring States, and so have arranged for a game with a Maryland Normal to be played this month. Everyone is anxiously looking forward to the outcome of this game.

We knew where we stood,
We knew where we stood,
We won these games,
And we knew we would.

Olive Starn: Do you know that little poem, "The day is cold and dark and dreary," by Shakespeare?

The Administration has recently sent all of the alumnae one of the new view books.

IF WE ONLY COULD.

The following lines were penned by one in anguish of heart over her gym work:

(To Miss Hicks.)

We cannot dance,
We wish we could,
For certainly we do try;
But every time we come to class
We have to give a sigh.

Why do you make us dance
When we cannot dance a step?
Why do you make us march
When we cannot march with pep?

Why do you make us stand up
straight
When we cannot stand that way?
Why do you fuss with us so much
On every dancing day?

Why do you make us drill
On the dumb-bells, wands and
rings?
For all of these just seem to us
Such foolish little things.

And so to us this all seems queer,
We cannot understand;
But will it make you happy
If we do the best we can?

A. M.

The chapel period of Friday, the 24th, was given to the Training School children, who carried the audience back to the good but slow days of George Washington and Betty Ross. The most attractive scene was that in which the old dances were the main feature. All of the children wore colonial costumes and were so dignified that we who teach them felt a little too 1922-ish.

History Teacher: "What time did the charge take place in the battle of Gettysburg?"
Sleepy Student (looking at his watch): "Two o'clock."

Visitor: "What was that noise?"
Dignified Senior: "Oh, nothing much; Anne Murry fell down the steps."

Preacher (announcing hymn):
"Let us now sing number 403."
Woman, who was a telegraph operator, suddenly waking from a doze: "The line's busy, please."

The staff of "The Bullet" wishes to express its regret that the last issue was so very late, due to complications which arose in the printing of it because of a fire in Richmond.

WHO'S A FOOL?

Senior: "Only fools are positive."
Junior: "Are you sure?"
Senior: "I'm positive."

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
Till a neighbor saw it killed his calf,
And I had to pay ten and a half.
—Anon.

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BULLETINS

Nov. 1921—Play and Athletics for Rural Schools.
Jan. 1922—New View Book.
Feb. 1922—Summer School Announcement (12 weeks next summer.)
Apr. 1922—Summer School Catalogue
June 1922—Regular Catalogue.
B. S. Degree granted.

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President.

Good Things to Eat



Feuerherd's



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The work of the Y. W. is going on as usual. The social chairman is planning a party for us soon. That which interests us most at this time is the election of new officers, which will take place the latter part of March.

Mrs. Eddy, a returned missionary, visited the school in February. She spoke at assembly and also to the High School department. Her talks were greatly enjoyed.

We thank Dr. Young for talking to us at one of our services last month. We hope he will come again soon, as we are always helped by his talks.

Our vespers services for the past month have been very interesting, a fact made evident by the unusually large attendance each evening.

Six girls from our Normal attended the Student Volunteer Convention at Charlottesville February 17th-19th. They were Pauline Cosby, Mabel Thompson, Anita Pepmeir, Edna Wright, Virginia Robertson and Mary Lee McNair.

THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH.

Wednesday evening, February 22d, the entire school enjoyed the presentation by the Senior Class of "The Courtship of Miles Standish." The cast was well sustained by Indy Babbitt as the Puritan Captain, Miles Standish, "who strode with a martial air"; Betty Faulconer as the scholarly but timid John Alden, and Olive Berry, a Priscilla of Puritan charm in appearance and manner.

WASHINGTON SOCIETY ELECTS.

The Washington Literary Society at its February meeting elected its new officers: President, Margaret White; Vice-President, Peachy Spindle; Treasurer, Hilda Guy; Secretary, Louise Belote. At the March meeting the new officers were installed, after which an interesting program on modern poets was rendered.

MR. TYNER ATTENDS MEETING OF COMMITTEE.

Mr. B. Y. Tyner, of the faculty, attended a meeting in Richmond February 27th-28th as a member of the committee to revise the State elementary course of study. While in Richmond Mr. Tyner attended the debates on movie censorship.

DR. YOUNG'S LECTURES.

Dr. Young has just delivered a series of lectures to the League of Women Voters of Fredericksburg. These lectures were largely attended.

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